

Drawn by Annie B. Sinclair.





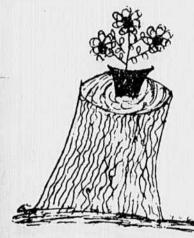




Drawn by W. A. Shomaker.



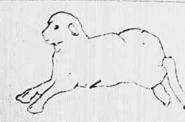
Drawn by Elizabeth Eubank



Drawn by Mary Kniser.



Drawn by John Bengel



Drawn by Louise Harlow.

Correspondence Column

From Our Honorary Member.

Dear Editor,—I hope I am not writing too often for an ex-member, but I had my photo taken last week, and I thought I would send you one. Every one says it is a splendid likeness. I had an afternoon off, so I went to Newport News. I had a dandy time, and took in a movie show, but only saw one reel, as I did not have time to see it all. Then I had my pictures taken, and received them yesterday. I would like all the members to see it, but that is impossible, so I am sending it to you. I would so love to come to the reunion in Richmond, but it is quite impossible. I received a letter from my unknown friend, "Homer," a short time ago, and she said if I came to the reunion I would meet some one, perhaps, who could tell me all about her. You see, that makes another motive for me to want to go, but as I said before, I cannot. I would like for some one who goes to write a long letter to the page, telling all about it. I started to read a magazine serial entitled "K," by Mary R. Rhinehart, and it was great, but I could not get the last part. I think she is see of our best modern writers. Her story, "The Street of Seven Stars," was the best I ever read. However, I don't get much time to read now. "The Crystal Road," my last prize was grond. Our page is getting along fine. Sometimes I feel left out, but, then, I think that when one is working they have a responsibility resting on them which makes up for all they have to leave. The ships are coming to the Roads in June, and I am planning to go on board one of them, but I don't know if I will get a chance. I must close now, as it is quite late. I hope you will like the photo. From your loving friend and old member.

HARRY E. CHADWICK.

Likes Medal.

My Dear Editor,—I was so glad to see my drawing in print. I thank you

Good Wishes.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a puzzle, which I hope to see in print. I am sending in a heading, too. Our school closes the 27th of this month. I will he glad when dear old vacation comes. I haven't heen bathing or fishing this year, but expect to go this week. Wishing you and the members success, your young member,

WILLSON I. HURT.

Try Hard.

My Dear Editor,—I guess you think I have utterly forgotten you and the T. D. C. C., but I certainly haven't. Inclosed you will find a composition called "A Little Girl's Place in the Home," which I hope will find a place in next Sunday's page. I'm going to try and write oftener to the page. Must stop for this time. As ever, your member.

ROSA MONTAGUE FOLKES.
Gloucester Courthouse, Va. Cloucester Courtnouse, Va.

Like Page.
Dear Editor,—I think the page is improving every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Louise Martin, who know some of the members. Our school closes the 21st of this month. I must close now, as I have got to study for examination. Your member,

SARAH ALICE WADDILL.

Ruthville, Va., Charles City County.

Ruthville, via.

New Members.

Dear Editor.—Received the button that you sent me, and I think it is very pretty. Inclosed you will find a drawing and poetry.

Your new member,

GENEVIEVE SCHMITZ.

GENEVIEVE SCHOOL

Fine Weather.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a drawing. Hope you will like it. Don't you think this weather is delightful? I do! Hope it will stay just as it is during the whole summer.

Much love from your member.

DOROTHY WALLER.

do? Hope it will stay just as it is during the whole summer.

Much love from your member,

Goodlow, Va.

Hope You Are Better.

My Dear Editor,—I guess you think I have forgotten the page, but I haven't. I have been sick, and dirifeel like doing anything. Inclosd you will please find a drawing, which I hope will escape Mr. Waste Basket.

Love to all the members and yourself, I remain your member,

ANNIE B. SINCLAIR.

Gladstone, Va.

P. S.—Cecelia will send in something for the page to-morrow. A. D. S.

Likes Vacation.

Dear Editor,—School is going to close the 4th of June. I can hardly wait, I am so glad. We are going to have a Field Day the 21st of May. Inclosed you will see some more of my story. I went down to Essex Saturday the Sth, and came back the next day. I had a fine time. We are going to have a commencement. My letter is getting long, so I will close.

With love to you and all the members. From an old member.

CORDIE LEE MONCURE.

Rowling Green, Va.

It Crianing Is.

Dear Editor.—Don't you think our club is growing? I think it grows large daily. I hope you will not deem me impatient, but I would like to receive my prize. I know it is nice. I congratulate the prize winners of this week. Their contributions are extragood. I sent the T. D. C. paper, dated May 9, to my sister, Mary Howard, who is attending school in Lynchburg. We have a great large garden of most every vegetable, and there is a nice grape arbor in it. A little bird has built her nest in a pear tree here, and she has two small birdlings. We have a large family swing in the front yard. Since the hot weather has opened up, we have prayer meeting in one of the neighbor's yards every Sunday night. Post-cards exchanged. My are is thirteen.

V. FLORENCE FORE.

Fort Mitchell, Va.

New Member.

Dear Editor.—I received the T. D.

C. pin, and was real glad my draw-

Fort Mitchell, Va.

New Meinher.
Dear Editor,—I received the T. D.
C. C. pin, and was real glad my drawing was in the paper. I am sending a drawing of Alladin and his wonderful lamp. I hope it will be in the paper.

W. A. SHOEMAKER.

702 E. Marshall Street.
Will Send It Soon.
Dear Editor,—I am sending you today a description of the town in which I live. Everything is getting so summer-like, the trees all are green, and the grass coming up in every place it can. The birds, too, sing sweetly, many of them telling of a nest that is most completed or the little white, blue or brown-speckled eggs that have a home in their nest. I have not gone fishing yet this spring, but am soon. I ride horsehack most every day. Galloning across the country is my chief delight next to my music lessons and my poetry. I have a large black shepherd dog and a beautiful hay horse, named Fox. Editor, I have not received my prize yet, but hope to soon.

Very truly,

MARY ELLA HOWARD,
We Missed You.

Dear Editor,—I am sending in a

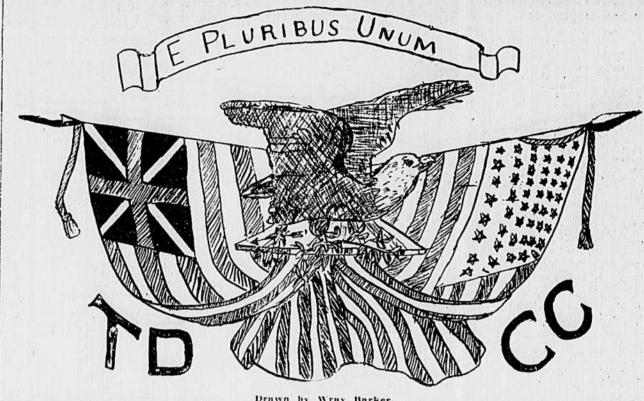
MARY ELLA HOWARD.

We Missed You.

Dear Editor.—I am sending in a drawing which I hope will be in the paper neat Sunday. I have not sent in anything for many Sundays, but I read the paper all the same.

MARY BARTHOLOMEW.

5111 East Marshall St.



being members. Harry E. Chadwick.

Like Medat.

My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made the moders of the love moderate member.

My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and beautiful the moderate Reunion that will be moderate member.

My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member.

My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot be made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot member that we made and the dear moderate member. My Dear Editor.—June is cannot member that the dear moderate member that the dear moderate members are blooming and the dear moderate members are blooming

PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.

Wray Barker, of Blackstone, Va. Rosa Montague Folkes, Box 3, Gloucester Courthouse, Va. Phills Gary, of Lester Manor, Va.

WHAT THE GIRL FOUND IN THE

With a great sob, coming from the home. depts of her soul, the girl turned over in the great white bed and looked longingly out of the big north win-

heal her, as others were healed? Yes, why, indeed, always it seem, she had laid in the same white bed and looked out of the same window. But to-day do all she can for them, such as the Heavens looked different, there amusing them, etc.
were clouds. Strange she hadn't noticed them before, but she hadn't. And now for the first time she saw two room lovely pink clouds, touched by the rays of the setting sun, and as she rays of the setting sun, and as she about the housekeeping until she is looked they became ladies, the most old enough to do it all herself. beautiful she had ever seen.

is to obey her mother and father and to make herself agreeable in her

can, and never complain when her mother tells her something to do. should always help her, and do all she can in making the company feel at

nothing, but just think what would a mother do without her little girl to run errands and take steps for her.

there. Why, oh why, didn't God notice thoughtful to her father, and do all her just once, and forgive her sins, and she can to make her father's and thoughtful to her father, and do all mother's lives brighter. to her little brothers or sisters, and

meals and always enter the dining-room with a smiling face.

And coming out of the East were a tle girl should cultivate an unselfish great host of little dowry clouds, sail. disposition and always be sweet and

great host of little dowry clouds, sailing closer, closer. And lo, they, too, became faces. Not beautiful color faces like the first two, they were the faces of lost souls in torment, with horns adorning the sides of each head, and their faces were fiery red, like unto the flames of hell.

And again the girl sobed and was afraid. A clear silvery voice at her side said softly. Dear child, fear not, those are the faces of them that serve in the god of evil. And she was afraid in the group of evil, burning the beautiful ladies to a cinder as they passed. Sill on they came, traveling towards the West. "The star of hope and life is in their path," sobbed the girl, "and I shall lose all."

Again she heard the voice saying: "Have faith."

Soon the evil ones covered the star, But as the girl watched, lo, the star of hope and life is in their path," sobbed the girl, "and I shall lose all."

But as the girl watched, lo, the star property for \$10,000,000 on the explaint of the painted face devils now, they does the front and sent them a narrow strip of land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the isthmus.

Later a treaty was made with pant the United States this it was Naturday and George, but they fare the faces of the man and the painted face devils now them a narrow strip of land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the therm an anarow strip of land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the third shall device the front and sent them a narrow strip of land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the third shall device the front and sent them a narrow strip of land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the third shall device the folk of the land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the third shall device the folk of the land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the third shall device the folk of the land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the third shall device the folk of the land no less than slx miles in diameter, and the third shall device the folk of the land no less than slx miles in diameter, "The star of hope and life is in their path," sobbed the girl, "and I shall lose all."

Again she heard the voice saying: "Have faith."

Soon the evil ones covered the star. But as the girl watched, lo, the star brighter, and brighter grew, until the faces of evil grew paler and paler. And again they became dowry clouds, sailing. Westward.

back he met a boy named Charles, whom he knew. Charles said: "Come on and play ball. (Foorge "But George" But George said: "No, I have to go home and take these things, and then I will come back and play ball, if father will let me." "No, that won't do, and it is a half of a mile, too, and besides, your father will say no," said Charles. So George played one hour, he thought it was about twenty minutes. George was not ng Westward.

With a long, happy laugh, the girl turned over in the great white bed and her soul was saved. (Original.)

NELL WALKER.

Played one hour, he thought it was about twenty minutes. George was not bad often. So George went on home. When he got there his father said:

(To be Continued.)

Composed by CORDIE LEE MONCURE.



in engineering and also in managing rior, but he is not. He lies. On my an army of workmen, speaking fortyfive different languages.

The canal is fifty miles long and connects Panama with Colon. It has six locks, three at Gatum on the Pacific side, and three on the Atlantic side. The cutting of Culebra was the most difficult thing, because of the landslides.

This canal will be a great benefit to the nations of the world, and a celebration will take place at San Francisco, starting January 1, 1915.

CLYDE TIPTON.

THE BLUE RIDGE AND ITS CROWN.

THE BLUE RIDGE AND ITS CROWN.

The Blue Ridge Mountains are ul chain of mountains in Vir-They certainly have been given the right name, for in the morning be-fore the sun rises, they are enveloped in a haze of blue. When the vapor begins to rise, it gives some of the mountains an aspect of volcanoes in action. Many of these mountains are covered in timber, though much of it is fast disappearing for fuel, crossties, and much just piled up and burned, to get it out of the way, so the ground can be used for agriculture. Up on the top of these mountains

is a town—a beautiful town, called Floyd (sometimes called the Crown of the Blue Ridge). Many fine homes are here, for it is a delightful place to live, the climate not being very cold in winter, or very hot in summer. Floyd has about 500 inhabitants, but many people live in the country sur Hundreds of trees grow in the town

-oak, maple, locust pine, fruit trees and many others. Viewing the town from one of the mountains, it seems as though it were situated in a woods. As I have said, this is a most desirable place to live, the air is so fresh, and the water so clear, cold and pure. The streams winds like threads of silver among the hills and mountains. Fish are caught in the streams, but farming is the obligited industrial.

ing is the chief industry.

Though the hills are steep and some-times rugged, automobiles are used in great numbers.

A fine high school has been built recently, consisting of ten grades, one grade more to be added this year. The

people are trying to get a railroad, for they are twenty-two miles from one.

Cheer for the people of Floyd for heing so progressive, though so far from the outer world.

MARY ELLA HOWARD.

CHAPTER V.

The kind man was very rich, and sent George to college, and when died he left George all his wealth.

(The End.)

By WILLIAM A. SETA

JUMBLED NAMES OF BOYS.

Drawn by Pattle Waller Callaway,

Drawn by V. Florence Fore

their! Pelp! dat nigger time

1. awrern. 2. ykle. 3. imlbre. ary. 5. laerbt

awbret. Composed by KATHLEEN HALL

JUMBLED NAMES OF SOME OF THE CAPITALS OF COUNTRIES IN EU-ROPE IN FIGURES.

MARIE ELIZABETH ACTILLIAMS. CITIES IN CANADAGE ND UNITED WWN NE PEG ATO MORE **PASSES**

Drawn by Willson I. Hurt.

NAMES OF FLOWERS IN FIGURES. (1) 18, 15, 19, 5. (2) 1, 19, 20, 5, 18 (3) 16, 1, 14, 19, 25. (4) 12, 9, 12, 25.

LILLIAN FRANKLIN

"THE CALL OF THE WARPATH."

A true story.

A little girl's first duty in her home is to obey her mother and father and to make herself agreeable in her home.

She should help her mother all she can, and never complain when her mother tells her something to do.

When her mother has company she should always help her, and do all she can in making the company feel at home.

The little girl's place seems merely nothing, but just think what would a mother do without her little girl to run errands and take steps for her.

A true story.

PHILIS GARY.

Some of the trees stood lost in the shadows of the night, while others, great knotted oaks, were painted with the scarlet of the blazing nre. The glow cast a bright reflection upon the savage indians as they gathered eagerly about the stake, where the prisoner stood tied. Red Peather was helpless, while the smoking leaves at height of the night, while others, great knotted oaks, were painted with the scarlet of the blazing nre. The glow cast a bright reflection upon the savage indians as they gathered eagerly about the stake, where the prisoner stood tied. Red Peather was helpless, while the smoking leaves at height of the night, while others, great knotted oaks, were painted with the scarlet of the blazing nre. The glow cast a bright reflection upon the savage indians as they gathered eagerly about the stake, where the western part of North America. He named it Pacific, because of its quiet and peaceful waters.

Because of the night, while others, great knotted oaks, were painted with the scarlet of the blazing nre. The glow cast a bright reflection upon the savage indians as they gathered eagerly about the stake, where the prisoner stood tied. Red Peather was helpless, while the smoking leaves at the prisoner stood tied. Red Peather was helpless, while the smoking leaves at the stake was helpless, while the smoking leaves at the prisoner stood tied. Red Peather was helpless, while the smoking leaves at the prisoner stood tied. Red Peather was helpless, while the smoking leaves at the prisoner sto Drawn by Mary C. Reld. mother do without her little girl to run errands and take steps for her.

A little girl should be sweet and thoughtful to her father, and do all she can to make her father's and mother's lives brighter.

She should never be cross and ugly to her little brothers or sisters, and do all she can for them, such as amusing them, etc.

She ought always he ready for her meals and always enter the dining-room with a smiling face.

A little girl should help her mother about the housekeeping until she is old enough to do it all herself.

And, above all of these things, a little girl should cultivate an unselfish disposition and always he sweet and kind to everybody around her.

By ROSA MONTAGUE FOLKES. Drawn by Kenneth Bengel. Drawn by Irving Cornwell

Red Feather's head crashed. Several missives had been flung at him. Tecumseh flung Yellow Bear back, and stood before the enraged ring. Again a respectful silence was given him. "Brothers," he said in calm, deep tones, "would you slaughter the captive as he-stands? He has thrown defiance at our young men, shall he not pay for it?" A mighty yell of mingle war cries rose and knives were branished tor it." A mighty yell of mingle war cries rose and knives were branished threateningly. "Stand back, then," he commanded, "back; let the great spirit decide." Yellow Bear jumped into the cleared circle, and Red Feather stepped forth to meet him. "A knife?" he asked proudly. In reply Calm Bear flung his own blade and as it quiv-ered in the ground said mysteriously.

"Till the light appears is our father's wisdom." Red Feather nodded, picked the weapon from the soil and closed in.

(To Be Continued.)

FIVE O'CLOCK.

The rose-covered sundial pointed to

The bees were swamming around their hive, Kitty awoke from her day-time

That is the tingling of the cow bells

GEORGE AND THE WOLF. CHAPTER V.

The kind man was very rich, and he

HELEN BROADRUP.

By WILLIAM A. SETA.

What is that noise off on the hill? Tingle, tingle, is what I hear. Now listen when all is still!

their teams:

coming near

dreams.

five: from the field came men with

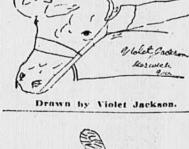
By ALVIN HATTORF.







Drawn by Irene Robertson.



Drawn by Genevieve Schmitz.